VOLUME XLV.

BELLEFONTAINE LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1899.

NUMBER 61.

Sheriff's Sale.

The Savings Building and | Logan Con mon Case No. 7876. Jacob A. Reyser et al. By virtue of an order of sale to me directed from the Court of Common Pleas of Logar county, Ohio, I will offer at public sale at the west door of the Court House, in the city of Bellefontaine, Ohio, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, A. D. 1800.

following described Read Estate of Ohio, and in the city of Logan, and State of Ohio, and being part of Section No. B. Town 4. Range 14 M. E. S. bounded as follows: Beginning at an Iron pin in the center of Main street in the said city, 25 feet south of the woutheast corner of the James Walker lands being 58 6-10 feet south of the north line of Carter street extended; thence east at right angles with said street to a stake 29 feet east, of the cost line of said street; thence north parallel with said street \$5 feet to the south line of said walker lands; thence with said line S. 85 deg., 20 min., E. 385,28 feet to a stake the northeast corner of the Sophia Reyser lands; thence with east line of said Sophia Reyser lands; thence with east line of said Sophia Reyser lands, 25 feet to a stone; thence with the north line of said Sophia Reyser lands. Thence with east line of said Sophia Reyser lands and line to a stone; thence with the north line of said Butler lands; thence with the north line of said line of lands; thence with the north line of said line range. As deg., 25 W. S. 5-100 feet to a stone; thence with the north line of said line range of said Butler lands in the center line of said Main street; thence with said line N. 40 deg., 40 min. east to the place of beginning. Also the following trart in S. E. by 6 said assetion 36. Town ast to the place of beginning. Also the owing tract in S. E. 4 of said section 3

cast to the place of beginning. Also the following tract in S. E. ¼ of said section 33. Towa 4. Range 14 bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone 8. W. corner to Silas Roberts' lam and corner to Elia Rarrow's lands; thence N 3 deg. 45 min. E. 142.56 feet to a corner on sale section line marked M. on plat on file in Clerk's office marked A.; thence S. 81 deg., W. 220.6 feet to a stone; thonce S. 55 deg., W. 220.6 feet to a stone in the north line of Logar County Agricaltural Society lands; thence with said line S. 77 deg. 55 min., E. 106 feet thence S. 67 deg., 45 min., E. 50 feet; thence S. 2 deg. E. 87.78 feet; thence N. 2 deg., E. 80.7 feet; thence N. 2 deg., E. 80.7 feet crossing Bine Jacket Creek to a stone thence N. 45 deg., 36 min., E. 30.70 feet to the place of beginning, all of above containing four acres more or less and also all the right title and interest of said defendants, Smith E Thompson, Assemble Thompson, Jacob A Reyser and Sophia Reyser, giantors in and 4 the mill race between said tracts above described excepting a lot 47 feet by 220 feet on of the northwest corner of said homesteed premises not herein conveyed.

Apprenised a first tract \$1.250.00.

Sheriff Logan County, Ohio.

Sheriff Logan County, Ohio.

By E. H. Shaw, Deputy Sheriff.

July 25, 1828.

Sheriff's Sale.

Michael Hauss. Logan Common Pleas Ingle W. Rush et al. By virtue of an order of sale to me directs from the Court of Common Pleas of Loga county, Ohio, I will offer at public sale, at il west door of the Court House, in the city of Bellefontaine, Ohio, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, A. D. 1800,

county of Logan, and State of Ohlo, Stokes township and known as the sor quarter of Section Lyenty - new conof land more or less.

Except the following sold to John T. Adams and by John T. Adams to the Detroit and Lina Northern Railway Company, to-wit: A strip of land across the premises of the plaintiff as described in the petition and answer and cross petition of the northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company known as the Rush farm a distance of four thousand and eighty-four (1981) feet of the following width from station 300 plus 83.00 feet in width All situated in Section twenty-nine (29 and thirty (30). Town six 60 south of Range eight east in Stokes township, Logan county, Ohle, and containing eight and 21-100 (8.21) acres of land on the present location of the Columbus Northwester: Railway now known as the Detroit & Lima Northern Railway.

Sheriff Logan County, Ohio, Stueve & Connaughton, Attorneys, By E. H. Shaw, Deputy Sheriff, July 25, 1898.

Legal Notice.

West & West, Attorneys for Plaintiff

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as ad-ministrator of the estate of Francis M. Stiles late of Logan county, Ohio, deceased. JAMES STOKER, July 25, 1899-31. Administrator.

Victor Bell's

ACENCY. Middleburg, Ohio,

SELLS

Farms

Doll & Oder

For the Favorite Stoves and Ranges Gas Stoves, Hot Air Furnaces, Tinware Tin, Slate and Steel Roofing: Also Plumbing, Gas, Steam and Hot Water We also do all kinds of Tin, Fitting. We also do all k Steel and Sheet Iron from

ROOFING.

All work guaranteed. 207 SOUTH MAIN ST., BELLEFONTAINE Dec. 15, 1888.

Attachment.

erry F. Cole, Plaintiff, The International Publishing Co., a Corporation Non-Residents of Ohio, Defendants. Before Robert Dow, J. P., of Lake township Logan county, Ohlo, on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1999, said Justice issued an order of at-tachment in the above action for the sum of \$200,00. PERRY F. COLE. Bellofontaine, Ohio, July 8, 1859. July 11, 1899-3t.

MONEY.

HOWENSTINE & HUSTON.

Dealer in

201 South Main Street.

Coal delivered to any part of the city on short notice. Telephone 22. Leave your orders or call at

PER CENT. 51 PER CENT. 6 PER CENT. Money Loaned on Real Estate Security at 5 per cent., 5% per cent, and 6 per cent., accord-ing to value of Security, With Liberal Privileges of Partia

Payments.

Home money at 6 per cent. Wm. W. Riddle, Office over People's Bellefonataine, O. February 3, 1800.

Ten Thousand Dollars

THE STOCK (OLD SERIES) OF

The Savings Building and Loan Company

F. C. Hamilton.

Poultry!

0,000 Pounds Poultry Wanted

The Highest Market Price Will Bo

P. G. Wynegar,

BELLEFONTAINE Just east of East End Grocery.

W.H.ELWELL New Cash

Best stock of groceries in Bellefon

taine, Prices the lowest, Your patronage respectfully solicited.

Agency.

W. A. WEST, Agent.

or connected with abstract or title, and making mortgage and may repay in any year one fifth of the principal.

Office opposite West Door of Court House,
Main St., BELLEFONTAINE, O.
July 12, 1808.

S. G. & L. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

PARSNIP COMPLEXION.

A majority of the illsafflicting people today can be traced to kidney trouble. t pervades all classes of society, in all limates, regardless of age, sex or con

The sallow, colorless-looking peopl you often meet are afflicted with "kidney complexion." Their kidneys are ney complexion." Their kidneys are turning to a parsnip color, so is their complexion. They may suffer from indigestion, bloating, sleeplessness, uric acid, gravel, dropsy, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, or irregular heart. You may depend upon it, the cause is weak, unhealthy kidneys.

Women as well as men are made miscrable with kidney and bladder trauble

and both need the same remedy. Dr soon help the sufferer to better

The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderfu cures of the most distressing cases, such as weak kidneys, catarrh of the bladder,

THE UP-TOWN COAL OFFICE. Just MONEY. What

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

Something Nice

FOR A WEDDING, BIRTHDA OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

WE HAVE THEM. this proposition except the city editor of my paper, who thought it would be

200 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Below

Now is the time to get a

High Grade Wheel at a bargain. We are mak-

ALL KINDS, ALL PRICES.

110 Main St.,

Opposite Court House Door. TO LOAN MONEY

\$15,000.

July 11, 1890-4t HAMILTON BROS., Bellefontaine, O.

攀 AT 5 PER CENT. 攀

On Farm Security. Papers promptly pre-pared with privilege of partial payments to stop interest. Charges for expense more rea-

A. Jay Miller, Rooms 8 and 9 Block.

THE STORY OF A DRUM erit in motion and the rattle of a drum

columns come, And a thousand men are stepping to the tap-

ping of the drum.

There are countenances glum,
There are senses dull and numb,

But a boy is stepping proudly there, he's play-ing on the drum.

The rage and roar of battle, and the rattle of

a drum, The shrapnel shot are flying with a zip! and a

Darkness on the field of battle, where the body

seekers come; The storm of death is ended and displayed the

Cruel shells exploding come,
And the bullets hiss and hum,
drum still echoes loudly. Will the thing

Fear is on the face of some, Others stepping with aplomb,

rable with kidney and bladder trouble Kilmer'a Swamp-Root, the great kid-ney, liver and bladder remedy will build up and strengthen weak and unhealthy kidneys, purify the diseased, kidney-poisoned blood, clear the complexion

as weak kidneys, catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble. At druggists, fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing please mention The Bellefontaine REPUBLICAN.

struggle's sum— A pullid face, a drum; There is blood, and both are dumb. A story of a drummer and a story of a drum. —T. E. McGrath in New York Sun.

A GUYED REPORTER

"About ten years ago," said a man who used to be a newspaper reporter out west, "I got a queer assignment from the city editor of the Chicago pa per that paid me wages. Frank Perley who's now the 'impresario' of a traveling comic opera outfit, blew into Chicago ahead of Barnum's show. He got the thing going pretty well from the

"In the first place, he told all of the city editors that the star panther of the show was going to have an ulcerated tooth pulled out by a local veterinary sharp on the Sunday morning following the arrival of the show in town on Saturday night. Each paper sent a man down to see this performance, and Perley got gobs of reading space for his

show out of it. "The panther had an ulcerated tooth all right and put up a highly interesting scrap when the animal doctor detached the molar, but the thing certainly did fit in mighty pat for ante-exhibi-

tion space grabbing all the same. "Then Perley blandly suggested to the city editors that it would be a good scheme for each of them to send a man to the show for the purpose of writing an absorbingly interesting Sanday spe-cial on 'Circus Life Behind the Scenes.' All of the city editors side stepped on

"I was picked out for the job. the assignment, for I wasn't notable as a spellbinder or a coverer of freak assignments. I found out afterward why the task was poked at me. I was a very humble quantity on the paper and

my disposition. "There was to be a put up job, and I was singled out as a good thing, not liable to get mad and tear things loose. "I went to the show grounds with Perley for the first afternoon perform- after I got my togs off, but Perley did ance of the circus. Perley took me around to the men's dressing tent and introduced me to Nero. Nero was the introduced me to Nero. Nero was the huge chap who took the titular role in make to him."—Washington Post. the big 'Fall of Rome' spectacle that

preceded the show. "Nero asked me what kind of a

"When he got through with me, I guess I had on a good \$20,000 or \$30,-000 worth of clothes and other gear; at | not wholly to the advantage of the least I felt as if I had. The long tapestry robe I wore was incrusted with hundreds of large diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, emeralds and such. The Some statistics, however, which have BICYCLES scimiter that swung from the same of light on the cost me was jewel hilted up to the limit, the tall, cloth of gold head thing that the tall, cloth of gold head thing that the tall, cloth of gold head thing that the title of the tall, cloth of gold head thing that the title of the tall covered as Cost. of jewels, and, finally, the kingly mace that I had to pack around me as a part

hance I'd have of getting away if I polted with the thing. "Now, an easy role in the spectacular show was dished out to me. All I had to do was to stretch out on a gorgeous gilded palanquin, with my head resting gracefully on one hand, and be carried around the tent in the 'grand, triumphal

procession' by 12 Roman soldiers with onnemara faces on them. There was nothing hard looking about that, and I breathed easier when I found that, after all, I wasn't expected to hop out into the center of the main ring and do a limelight skirt dance alone and unaided. "'All youse is got to do,' said Nero, who was, by all odds, the finest looking broth of a man that I ever saw in my

life, 'is t' lay still on de top o' de calash an keep your head closed, see? Youse is got a purty part. Don't grin. Try an look as if youse had just been t'rowed down by a barkeep, an youse'll ook ugly, all right.' "When the moment arrived, I hopped

aboard of the palanquin, the 12 Roman soldiers got hold of the legs of the down over the side, it seemed to me as if I was about a mile up in the air, and shuddered to think of what would happen to me supposing the 12 Roman soldiers decided to strike for more wages while they had me in that elevated position on the palanquin. "But the blare of the music and the

howls of the boys in the seats drove these ideas out of my head. I stretched out as per programme, with my huge mace beside me, and tried to look as savage as possible—for, you see, I was supposed to be a captive Persian prince, swiped in one of the eastern raids of the victorious Roman army. "The thing went pretty well for the

bt of husky men compelled to pack m round. "Get out o' de wagon, ye dago

dude,' they hooted at me, 'an give dem Roman Mulligan sojers a chanst fer der

"I didn't pay any attention to the gibes, however, but the route around the big tent surely seemed a long one. But I didn't know what was in store for me. About half way around the tent was the press box. I didn't know this until-well, until I saw my friends in the box. There were about

250 of them, I guess "Perley stood right in the middle of the bunch. He had got 'em all to take a part of the afternoon off just to give me a send off on my debut as a circus guy; also Perley had arranged that there should be a litch in the procession just as my palanquin hove directly in front of the press box. It must have been a very serious hitch, for my palanquin was in front of the press box or quite ten minutes. The 12 Roman oldiers were given the word to drop the palanquin and take a rest. They didn't stand on the order of dropping it, but dropped it at once-with such suddeness that my feet shot up into the air and my jewel studded lid was jammed

down over my eyes, and I must have en a sight for a fact. "Well, while I was straightening nyself out my pals in the press box began to bid me welcome. They gave me an ovation. All of 'em had brought along those big raitling things that you turn around on a handle and horns and tin whistles and things like that, and for the ten minutes that the prearranged hitch lasted they gave me the greatest ovation you ever heard in your life.

"They leaned over the rail of the box and talked at me familiarly, calling me by my nickname and mentioning out loud numerous tumultuous events in my checkered life.

"Then they all howled in chorus un-

der the leadership of Perley, who directed the howls with a cane that he used for a baton. It was great, that's what it was. All I could do was to lie there on that derned cushioned thing and grin. I didn't say a word—just grinned. "They congratulated me in vociferous tones on the hit I was making, and the whole tentful of people caught on. I was the whole show on that afternoon performance of Barnum's circus, and you want to remember that. The whole tentful of folks took up the guy-

like Korean coin! "Finally, to my intense relief, the hitch up in the front part of the proession—the hitch manufactured by Perley-was at an end, and my 12 Rocouldn't precisely see why I should get man palanquin bearers hoisted me up

in the air again. "Then my friends in the press box elves for one huge, final failed them in this, and so they buried noted all around for the sweetness of me under an avalanche of fish horns, rattles, whistles and things-little offerings, they shouted, indicative of their esteem and appreciation of my first ap-

pearance on any sawdust. "I made a careful search for Perley not appear to want me to find him. I guess he knew that I'd probably have a

There are some things that the French make up I wanted for the spectacle. Any do infinitely better than the English, old make up, I told him. So he started and one of them is the embellishment Closing Out old make up, I told him. So he started and one of them is the embellishment of their capital city. No absolute reason exists why London should not be as cheerful and beautiful as Paris. The difference in climate is small, and it is French metropolis. And if money be a consideration there is quite as much of that commodity in London as in Paris. just been published throw an interesting ray of light on the cost of keeping

> It appears that the title of Ville Lumiere is not as well earned as one might imagine, seeing that there are but 52,of my equipment-it weighed about 30 | 460 lanterns, more than half of which pounds—was so thickly studded with have but one burner each. The bouleprecious stones that I wondered what | vards and avenues are ornamented with 86,400 trees, which is no mediocre feat to accomplish, considering the inhospitable nature of the soil. They are to a large extent plane trees, which have been found more suitable than most other kinds. There are, however, no less than 14,500 chestnut trees, whereas the number of elms is still greater by 100.

This brotherhood of venerable trees, as Wordsworth would have termed the scattered forest of Paris, and their maintenance costs in round numbers \$65,000 a year. There are 8,300 seats in the streets and squares which cost the weary foot passenger nothing, and a very large number of supplementary chairs which can be had for a penny .-London Telegraph.

Wife and Her Husband's Busines "It is a cause of amazement to me that a man can go on year in and year out toiling for a family whose members show no interest in his work further than to spend the money he makes and who look upon him as the family mint,' writes Frances Evans in The Ladies same, and I shot up in the air. Looking Home Journal. "My firm belief is that had he in the first flush of married life talked over his business and ambitions with his wife she would have become interested in both, first for his sake and afterward for her own and their children's. Think of the gulf that lies be tween a man and a woman united in marriage when he never speaks at home of the affairs which absorb his entire day! Mutual interests will bind people together indissolubly even when indif-

> has swallowed up affection. He Guessed It.

"Her face," she said when speaking of her dearest neighbor, "is like an open

ference, that dangerous bridge of sighs,

first part of the trip. The boys in the book.' "Yes," he replied heartlessly. "I inseats threw it at me pretty hard, of a lazy duffer, lying there prone, with a most of the time." - Chicago Post.

annis.] "Time glides away and we grow old By process of the silent years," More fain the busy lands to fold, More quiet when a tale is fold

As one grows old.

It is not that the feet would shrink From that dark river, lapping, cold, And hid with mists from brink to brink; Only one likes to sit and think

COMING OF EVEN.

"It is only the wind," said the Poet. He threw himself listlessly upon the ard leather couch and turned his face

to the wall. The waves dashed madly upon the ocks below the little cottage, with vaves, and the moan of the storm came apon the wind. The Poet heard all into painful snatches and indifferent hese and smiled wearily. Young in rhythm years, he was old in spirit, in experience, in enjoyment; they had no charm for

He opened his lips now in discontent. "They have written so much about the sea that one is dead sick of it all." He sighed. "I can find in it nothing that

has not been found before." He himself had written not a little concerning the beauties of the sea, but his hand had been young in sooth when it held the pen, and his eyes not yet

He turned restlessly on the couch bemoaning its hardness and cursing the friend whose advice had sent him to recruit at this little fishing town, throwng all the burden of his disgust of life and his own feebleness into the cursing. Then through and betwixt the voice

of the storm came a wailing cry; the cry of a lost soul at God's gates; the cry for the unattainable from the lips of a child of earth. Rising higher and higher, it beat sobbingly upon the wind. It cried with the echo of the seagulls warning; it scattered with the soft sea foam, and sank hushing and palpitating into the mutter of the waves. But only to rise again in a melody so triumphant as to override in its grandeur the voices

of the angry ocean. "It was the great Sea Spirit," said the Poet.

But the sound had hardly seemed to come from the sea—rather from above. He rose and walked to the window. ing, and you talk about a man feeling It was not the wind," he said aloud. It was still howling, but the music nad ceased. He threw open the window and looked out. The wind fell in a blast upon his thin face and tossed his hair. The sea shouted at him with angry menace. The look of the sky upon him

was without a glint of a smile. But again the music rose, but so softthe murmur of a half hushed cradle song. When it ceased again, the voices of the storm seemed to be sinking and the sea to be aweary of rage. The wind fell, and into the sky came a white glimmer where a silver star sought its

entrance to the heavens. The Poet stood there long, his arm esting on the sill, a dreamy look on his old young face. There had come to hin one of those moments which he fancied had left him ferever, when his mind. like the wornout sea, could hush its

crying and be at peace. It was only when, on his way to his bedroom later, he passed his landlady on the stairs that the problem of the strange music he had heard returned to him. "It seemed in the house, and yet not in the house " he murminged to himself. stopping her. "It has been a wild night,

Mrs. Lewis." "Indeed and it has, sir, but settled down nicely." "It was strange, but I thought heard during the storm the sound of a violin. Some one has chosen a strange

time to play.

"There's Miss White, sir. She has he room above yours. She teaches the fiddle in town. Goes up every day. But she's not been playin tonight, sir, and she's the only one in the place that

"Oh, that explains it. She must have been playing. No doubt it was she I "But she hasn't been playin tonight, sir. I beg your patdon for sayin it. I've been sittin sewin in the room jus above her head, and never a sound have

I heard. She's been that still too." The Poet laughed, but went on his way unconvinced. "Strange playing for a teacher of the violin," he thought, "and a strange time in which to play. She must be a strange girl." It never occurred to him, in the arrocance of his few years, that she might

be more than a girl. Indeed he speedily forgot the whole matter. But in the dead of the night he rose and, hastily donning a few garments, sat till the gray of the morning inscribing the thoughts of which the strange strains had sown the seed. He had found in the sea what he had never found before. With the golden eve of the sun upor him he threw himself upon his tossed bed and slept until after noonday. Aft-

"Miss White, she's leavin tomorrow laid his tea. But the Poet was not interested. He wondered who Miss White might be. 'Indeed?' he drawled languidly. He

per to any other attempt at conversation, and Mrs. Lewis took the hint. But in the evening, when, with the oming out of the stars, a delicate hread of sound wound itself through of yesterday's, naught of its pleading,

teat might turn and twist in one's flesh forever, yet never cause a mortal wound-only an infinitude of pain.

But that of yesterday was the broad blade that kills at one stroke. And again, as it broadened and deepened and faded, like a moonbeam. away. "That of yesterday," he murmured, "was renunciation; with its battle, its victory, its sublime triumph, its transient peace; today's is resigna tion-a submittance which has naught -Arthur Colion in Scribner's.

that has no end. But as he lay there, hands clasped beaind his tired head, lips parted in a mile-a smile unlike his, for it had naught of scorn in it-there broke upon the silence the opening bars of a little the manner of its playing a veritable triumph in mediocrity. It wailed and ngry shricking the wind beat up the cried laboriously above the Poet's head and echoed about the window. It broke

of battle, of victory, of triumph, but only pain. Today's is the end, an end

The Poet sprang to his feet with an exclamation of impatience. "To spoil that with this!" he cried. "Oh, how can she!" He bit his lips wrathfully, but he did not intend to have his dream

altogether spoiled and, his anger conquering his weariness, he ran lightly up the narrow stair. He burst into the room of the stranger without preface or prelude, and began in a high pitched, womanish voice, "What in the world"- Then he caused, for he found she was crying. A little, middle aged woman, with a wrinkled face and funny elfin locks that

music stretched out flatly on the table and her violin and bow in her handsstanding, the tears running thickly down her pale cheeks, without making any attempt to wipe them away.

The Poet felt even angrier than be fore. Women of that age had no right to cry so openly, he thought. It went

fell in a cloud about it. She was stand-

ing in the middle of the room with her

against all his theories. He was angry, too, that he had imagined her to l "What an abominable row!" he said avagely. "And what are you crying about? But it is enough to make any

one cry!" He was not far from tears

imself with vexation. She looked up at him wistfully-she was but a little thing-and without any apparent surprise at his presence or abrupt entrance. "Ah! I should not have played again," she sobbed, "after

after I had given it up." "Then I had guessed aright!" cried the Poet. "Yesterday it was renunciation and today resignation. But what had you given up? What have you re nounced? To what are you resigned? comprehendingly. She laid her violin on the table, hanging over it as a moth

er does over her child. "When you played yesterday"-"But I didn't play yesterday," she cried. "I wanted to-oh, so badly. The storm cried to me, the wind cried and the sea cried, and I heard them all. I tell nothing of what I heard. Oh, how duct the services, there was no music strings, but without touching them, and imagined it all. I caught the sobbing of the sea god on the end of my bow. I sent out the cry of the gulls' floral tributes sent by friends, wreaths

"And the spray of the sea!" cried the

"And the eddy and gathering of the "And the mutter of the waves." "And I thought of how I might have played had not something—something been wanting. Oh, I cried to God to give me the power to play as-as my soul could play but for this thing-this

Poet whispered to himself, but she did friend, occupied a chair by the side of not hear or heed him. "I made a resolution." She dried her tears briefly at the recollection of it. "God would not give me my desire, so I gave up my semblance of it, for I wanted to keep my ideal. Then, when I

had quite made up my mind, how I path, who, in a voice full of emotion could have played then! But it would said: not come. "The triumph," said the Poet. He smiled imperceptibly to himself. "But today it was all so dreary.

vas all over, and there was nothing left. And after I had thought how it was all over and my last note played I soll had read and altered in some of thought I would again say goodby to its parts only a few hours before he my fiddle. And I fetched it out and was stricken down." played goodby, but without making a sound. And I felt not a bit sorry, but only a strange feeling here." She pu her hand on her heart. "So I played a

He did not speak. His dream had come back to him, and his thoughts, like white clouds, floated far, far away.

real little bit to see if it would take it

-Black and White. A Lawyer's Somersnult.

Speaking of somersaults, the anecdote which Lord Eldon relates of the eminent English lawyer, John Dunning, afterward Lord Ashburton, will bear erward he rambled upon the shore, rerepeating. "I had," says Lord Eldon, very early after I was called to the his chair, and, as he is totally blind, turning, tired and listless, at length to bar, a brief as junior to Mr. Dunning. He began the argument and appeared nornin," his landlady told him as she to me to be reasoning very powerfully against our client. Waiting till I was quite convinced that he had mistaker for what party he was retained, I then touched his arm, and, upon his turning coused himself to poke the fire as a stophis head toward me, I whispered to him that he must have misunderstood

"He gave me a very rough and rude reprimand for not having sooner set the stillness, his interest came back to him right and then proceeded to stathim. He threw himself upon his couch | that what he had addressed to the cou and gave himself up to the pleasure of was all that could be stated against h. the sweet strains. Yet was it hardly client and that he had put the case as pleasure, but more a fine pain. There unfavorably as it were possible in order was in the music naught of the wailing | that the court might see how very satisfactorily the case against him could be course. They didn't like that recumbent fer from the few remarks that her hus- naught of its passion, naught of its answered, and, accordingly, very powattitude of mine. They regarded me as band let drop that she keeps it open hope. It was like, the Poet told him-erfully answered what he had before self, a wire of polished silver, a wire stated."

reasoning against our client.

DEWEY SNUBS SULTAN.

Admiral Shows Lack of Appreciation of Horse Tails

By Refusing To Visit the Sublime Porte He Forfelts Title to Decoration.

pecial Dispatch to Com. Tribune.

Pittsburg, July 20.-Admiral Dewey rants no horse tails in his. He plainly said so, when a day or two ago, he declined to stop at Constantinople in response to the urgent invitation sent to prelude, dainty and sweet in itself, but him by Oscar S. Straus, Minister to Turkey.

> Deweys refusal to go to the Sublime Porte amounts to a snub to His Majesty, Abdul, the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire. A year ago the Sultan ent Admiral Dewey a message of congratulations, and decorated him with the Order of Husan Medjidie of the first class. That made Dewey a Pasha of the third class, the highest, and entitled to have an out-runner go before him when he appeared in public, bearing aloft on a standard three horse

> He has practically ignored the bestowal of the tails upon himself, although he acknowledged the receipt of the Sultan's message. To properly acknowledge the honor of being decorated, the recipient must appear before the Monarch, bestowing it and personally express his appreciation. This Dewey declined to do, although he passed within a comparatively short listance of Constantinople. In that way he expressed his indifference to the

Edward Longard, of Pittsburg, a railroad construction engineer, who is a native of Austria, and familiar with

Turkish court etiquette, said: "By his failure to call on the Sultan. Admiral Dewey has forfeited the honor bestowed upon him. Dewey was given the license to have the decoration made by the royal jeweler. The ecoration costs about \$1,000, which is paid by the person upon whom it is bestowed. The insignia is a golden jewel

shaped like a sunflower." INGERSOLLS' FUNERAL.

"I don't understand you," she said Flowers but no Future, Honors But

New York, July 25,-The funeral of the late Robert G. Ingersoll took place this afternoon from Walston, Dodd's

Ferry, where he died on Friday last. sook my violin in my hand, but I could No clergyman was present to conunhappy I was! Then I drew the bow and there were no pallbearers. The backward and forward across the body lay on a cot in the room where he died. It was enshrouded in white and just the red rose was placed on the breast. About the cot were banks of

and bunches of blossoms. The services were held at 4 o'clock. Mrs. Ingersoll sat beside her dead, and beside her were her daughters, Mrs. Walston and Mrs. Brown and Miss Maud Ingersoll. They were very much agitated and wept almost constantly. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Farrell were present and Charles Broadway "The cry for the unattainable," the Rouse, Colonel Ingersoll's oldest

> There were some forty others present, and they remained standing throughout. The intense silence was then broken by Dr. John Clark Rid-

"My friends, it is a very sad duty to read in the presence of the dead the last poem written by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll entitled 'Declaration of the Free.' This poem Colonel Inger-

Major O. J. Smyth, who resides in Dodd's Ferry, and who was a close personal friend of Colonel Ingersoll, then, without preliminary words, read another extract from Colonel Ingersoll's writings entitled "My Religion."

Put His Hand On Dead Man's Heart. Dr. John Elliott, of New York, read the funeral oration delivered by Colonel Ingersoll over his brother's dead body. This concluded the short and simple services. Nearly all present then took a parting look at the dead and passed out. Mr. Rouse arose in passed his hand over the face of his de-

parted friend, and said: "Perhaps he is better now, can understand it."

Mrs. Ingersoll said to him: "The Colonel wanted you to put your hand upon his heart," and, sulting the action to the word, she directed his hand to the left breast of the deceased. by whom he was employed, as he was Mr. Rouse asked what she was going to do with the remains. "I can not give him up," she said. "I can not put

back home.

him in the ground. I can not bear to

think of it. We're going to bring him

Bryan says all Democrats look alike